ELEGY

ON THE

URNFUL BANISHMEN

OF

es Campbell of Burnban

THE

Martin and the Oyſter:

OR, THE

Alſatia AMOUR.

A BALLAD.

By the Author of L—p's *Ballad.*

THO' the MARTIN is a Summer Bird,
The OYSTER a Winter Fiſh,
In Fables it is not abſurd,
To place them in a Diſh.

Old *Æſop*'s Birds could talk and chat,
And reaſon, and harrangue;
And of dif'rent Nations prate,
Without the native Twange.

So our *Alſatia* MARTIN courts
An OYSTER to his Neſt;
And, to ſum up his gay Efforts,
Conclude a comick Jeſt.

The Morn was cold, the MARTIN 'ſpy'd
The OYSTER in the Mud;
Come here, you *empty Thing*, he cry'd,
I've that will do you good.

The OYSTER took him at his Word;
And ſtrait he lets her in,
And tho' a Bird, his Neſt is ſtor'd
With *Brandy*, *Rum*, and *Gin*;

The OYSTER warm'd with this Repaſt,
Return'd him humble Thanks;
But th' MARTIN, being more kind than chaſte,
Began to play his Pranks.

Her Shells he bid her open wide,
And for his Bill make room;
Avaunt, ye *Brute*, the OYSTER cry'd,
There you ſhall never come.

The MARTIN, thus repuls'd, began
To ſhew his utmoſt Strength,
And vainly boaſted (*like a Man*)
Of *Thickneſs*, and of *Length*:

You *Jade*, ſaid he, behold my Bill,
See how erect it ſtands;
'Twas made for Pleaſure; *Nanny feel*
It; *ſqueeze it*; — *Warm your Hands.*

Then ſtrait he ſpread his Wings, and flung
The OYSTER on its Back,
And uſing both his *Tail*, and *Tongue*,
He almoſt made it crack.

But the OYSTER clos'd ſo faſt,
He could not paſs the Fort;
Which made him beg, on's Knees, at laſt,
To *play a meaner Sport.*

Said he, ſince you'll not fairly ſtride,
To let me have my Will,
I beg you'll ope' your Mouth ſo wide,
That we like Doves may bill.

Thus our *Alſatia* MARTIN blends
His S—d with *Fiſh* and *Fleſh*;
And every Day commences Friends
With either *ſtale* or *freſh*.

LONDON: Printed for *A. Moore*, near St. *Paul's*. 1727.

(Price 2 *d.*)